

THE
CHRONICLES
—OF—
MRS. COLUMBIA
AND
UNCLE SAM.

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THE
CHRONICLES
—OF—
MRS. COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER I.

And it came to pass in the days of the years of time, that a certain woman who was a widow, being greatly distressed on account of the anarchy and oppression as she saw and felt it in her own land of Europa, determined to journey westward to some more congenial and peaceful shore, where she might with her only son find the opportunity to pursue "Life, Liberty and Happiness" unvexed by disorder, tyranny priestly intolerance and persecution.

Now when the day fixed for departure had come, and the ship was ready, she took her beloved son, who was called in the Yankee tongue Uncle Sam; and sailed across the great sea, until at last by the Grace of God the ship came to anchor off a rock-bound coast. The land seemed inhospitable and the inhabitants wild and strange. But nothing daunted they went land and kneeling there they thanked Almighty God for the ks, the forests the cold, and even the savages who lived in.

that land, as all these were infinitely better than the oppressions of the old world from whence they came.

Desiring to begin anew the history of her life, she decided to be known ever thereafter as Mrs. Hail Columbia, and in this name did she take possession of all the land which was bounded on the North by the land of the Canucks, on the East by the land of Steady Habits, on the South by the mountains of Chivalry and on the West by Sun-down. And behold it was a goodly heritage and was drained throughout its whole length by the Father of Waters.

CHAPTER II.

Now it came to pass that soon after she had established her dominions, subdued the soil and laid the hand of conquest upon the savage tribes, that her Grandfather John, whose surname was Bull, became jealous because of the wealth of Mrs. Columbia's land, and being himself a great king and a man of many wars, he sent his tax-gatherers to collect taxes from her people, which being refused, he sent ships of war with his own and many hired soldiers, to devastate and destroy her cities and to lay waste the accumulations of the people.

For seven years there was great tribulation; but finally the Columbian armies defeated and drove from their shores the invaders, and the land was free. At this time Uncle Sam became of age and being a wise and dutiful son, his mother concluded to lay upon him the burden of Government and decided that her dominions should thereafter be called by his name, and it was so.

CHAPTER III.

But go back a few years in these Chronicles, I must, in order to properly relate what befel Mrs. Columbia. Very soon after she had landed in the new world she was attacked with a disease called the Black Cancer, which had been brought over the sea from the land of Ethiopia and had been named by a cer-

tain high priest "the sum of all villanies." It was the same terrible malady which had led to the ruin of the great city of Babylon, the Scripture called it, dealing in "slaves and the souls of men."

This vile tumor extended its roots in all directions, until at last one-half the body was blackened by it and the situation of the patient was very alarming.

Uncle Sam realizing that something must be done to save the life of his aged parent, called in the most eminent physicians and surgeons to examine the case and determine what was to be done. All these pronounced the case incurable and sought only to relieve the patient's sufferings by great doses of a soothing syrup, which was a compound of equal parts of policy, love of party, and greed of gain, which steeped in the blood of diabolous and sweetened with a few sprigs of false piety and time serving religion, was ready for use.

Now there had grown up in the land a race of men called Fanatics who boasted that they had among them great Medicine Men who could cure Columbia, and relieve her of this hideous disease. And being exceedingly in love with her, and filled with a spirit called patriotism, they were very anxious to get the case. This aroused the wrath of the regular family doctors and great commotion was made in the dominions.

Now Uncle Sam became more and more concerned about the condition of his mother and demanded that something should be done or else he would call the Medicine Men of the Tribe of Fanatics. To this they replied that nothing could be done as the disease was CONSTITUTIONAL. And furthermore that it was hereditary and "had run in the blood" of Mrs. Columbia's ancestors, her grandfather, John Bull having been severely afflicted with it and that they had good reason to believe that the symptoms of this malady were to be seen in his own body also. But this only alarmed him the more and made him more persistent in his demands for relief.

The case for these physicians was made all the worse because certain great abolition Medicine Men went throughout all the land and did stir up the people to clamor for liberty that they might apply their remedies to the patient. There was one William Lloyd, whose surname was Garrison and John, sur-

named Hale, and the mighty Joshua, who was named Giddings, and Charles, who was surnamed Sumner; these all being Fanatics, said that this Black Cancer could be removed. Then arose also about this time a noted prophetess, named Harriet, surnamed Stowe, who belonged to a family of *great brains* and GREAT TRIALS, who gave to the people a true account of how the lady was being treated, and did thereby move the people to tears, anxiety and indignation.

This provoked the family physicians to great wrath and they went in haste to the High Priests of the land and demanded that they should put these Fanatics out of the Synagogues, Some of the priests soon after assembled and declared that "they would not tolerate modern abolitionism;" this being the name of the treatment which the Fanatics recommended, and having strictly enjoined some of these Medicine Men not to plead the rights of man, nor in any way to interfere in the case of Mrs. Columbia, they let them go, but not until a great prelate had beaten them with the Golden Rule, and they had been branded as "Black Abolitionists," "Nigger Lovers," Idiots and Impracticables.

CHAPTER IV.

About this time there arose a great doctor of the school¹ called Democrat—one Stephen, whose surname was Douglas, who having shown great strength so that he was known as the "Little Giant," the people turned their eyes to him for relief. After having thoroughly diagnosed the case he, with great pomposity, declared that he was the manufacturer of a softening plaster called "*Compromise*," which was made as follows:

1 Part Political Reform.

1 " Policy.

1 " Cowardice.

3 Parts Soft Soap.

This must be mixed without conscience and spread upon a piece of the skin of the "Dark Horse," which haunts political conventions, and then put on hot, it would prevent the spread of the disease except in those parts of the body which had an

affinity for it. And all the affinities shouted "Well done!" but the Fanatics raised a greater tumult. There was one great Medicine Man among the Abolitionists who said that the roots of this cancer should not spread and that he would cut out the old ones with the sword. His name was John, surnamed Brown. So he seized a U. S. Arsenal by surrounding it, and behold Uncle Sam's dominions were overwhelmed with alarm, and proclamations were issued, the warriors were called out, and John was taken prisoner and in a few days "his soul went marching on."

Another physician of the same school as Dr. Stephen, called Jefferson, surnamed Davis, a noted surgeon, then stood up before the people and said: "I can see no help for this patient except to divide her in two, because it stands to reason to suppose that one half the patient cannot be as sick as the whole." And further, being himself exceedingly in love with the Cancer, he said that his friends, the Doctors of the Democratic school, would take the diseased part for their portion.

But Uncle Sam would not consent to this, and immediately sent for one Dr. Abraham, who in the "Sucker tongue" was called Linkun, to come to the White House, to examine and give an opinion on the case.

He obeyed the summons at once, declared the disease curable and proceeded to tear off the "Compromise plaster," and use means to prevent its further spread. Now the commotion in the Republic was greatly increased and the doctors fell to fighting over the possession of the case. Dr. Abraham who belonged to the school called Republican, who were first cousins to the school of Fanatics, now declared that the patient was growing so much worse on account of the terrible conflict, that to save her life he must, as a military necessity cut out the Cancer root and branch. A great cry now went up from the household of Uncle Sam when they heard this decision. The Democrat doctors groaned and turned loose a great brood of Copperheads to bite and afflict the people. The Republican school was divided, but the greater part joined the Fanatics and shouted "Cut it out! Cut it out!" Dr. Abraham stood firm to his decision and on the 1st day of the 1st month, which is called January in the year 1863, did cut the

Black Cancer out root and branch, and the people of Columbia raised a great cry for joy, and said: "Long live Abraham, who is called in the 'Sucker' tongue 'Linkun'" and when he died they made a great lamentation over him and buried him with great pomp and raised a monument over his body which shall endure for all time.

And so it came to pass that Columbia slowly recovered and was healed.



THE
CHRONICLES
—OF—
UNCLE SAM.

CHAPTER I.

Now during the time of the great sickness and danger of Mrs. Columbia, the family physicians and friends had quite forgotten the symptoms of a like disease which had shown itself in the body of Uncle Sam in his younger days, which had been unchecked by proper remedies, in fact had been greatly aggravated by the free use of a certain poison during the sickness of his mother, which was known in the Hibernian tongue as the "Craythur," but more familiarly recorded in the police courts as "Bugjuice," but in polite circles named "Stomachsake-infirmities." Now this evil thing had been at work in the system of Uncle Sam until a dreadful disease known in a dead language, as *Alcoholicum Tumoricum*, had fastened itself upon him, and in so dangerous a place that something must be done to save him or he must needs die, while yet in the strength of his manhood.

And now it came to pass that Mrs. Columbia in turn became greatly excited about her son and at times so great was her sympathy that it seemed as though the disease would develop

in her own body, and that her last case would be worst than the first.

Now at this time Uncle Sam desired that a council of family physicians might be called, but lo ! when the order was sent out the demand was scoffed at by these doctors they each and all declaring that they would not consult together, as they were of different schools of political practice and would be sure to stand SEVEN TO EIGHT on every point involved in the case. It should be known to all the people, that a great change had been brought about in the medical world insomuch that the school of medicine men known as Whigs had become extinct and all because they had decided that Mrs. Columbia could not be cured of the Black Cancer, and the other great school called Democrats having conspired with Dr. Jefferson, surname Davis, to cut the old lady in two had been ordered to keep out of the White House, by Uncle Sam, and were disgraced in the eyes of all the nations and were thereafter known as "Copperheads" and "Bourbon Quacks."

There still lived in the land doctors and surgeons of the school of Abraham, who were at this time the recognized family physicians at the White House, their fame having gone to the uttermost parts of the earth on account of the famous operation on Mrs. Columbia. Some members of this school on examination of the case decided, that it was very severe and dangerous, and reversing their former famous and heroic treatment, prescribed a treatment called "License Regulation." This process consisted in opening the veins of Uncle Sam and letting the poisoned blood flow out into the heart and arteries of any of his children, or subjects, who would consent to the operation and thus by distribution to relieve the patient. It was by these wise men also considered a great advantage to those who became diseased in this way, that it was done according to law, and furthermore that it showed a spirit of patriotism. But still Uncle Sam was not bettered and to the dismay of the doctors more than one million subjects annually, in the dominions, broke out in the mouth and stomach with this disease and 100,000 perished every year, and there was weeping and wailing in all the land.

CHAPTER II.

There arose in these days one Dr. John, surnamed Sherman, of the Province of Ohio, in Uncle Sam's dominions, who was very wise in handling other people's money, and he being hard pressed for a prescription said, "I would recommend improving the present regulation treatment by increasing the doctors' bills and thus alarm the Parasites, who manufacture pus in the 'Tumoricum,' and if possible TAX them to death." But the Parasites watered the pus, increased their gains and paid the bill. Still Uncle Sam grew no better. Then assembled the doctors of the Republican school in the province of Minnesota, and having had long and painful deliberation on the case, and although in full sympathy with Dr. John, whose surname was Sherman, yet to appease certain fanatics they solemnly declared that Uncle Sam had a right to a constitutional treatment, providing, *he would treat himself*; but they did not wish it understood that the Republican school was pledged to perform or to assist in performing, any new or radical operation in the case, and to allay any suspicion of such action, they said: "We do hereby reaffirm all past State and National platforms," in which they had plainly declared that the legislature had no right to order the destruction of the Parasites nor the removal of the Tumoricum. Of this famous action, some said: "Behold what a step in advance for the school of Republicans," while a certain cunning artificer wrote a sign and placed it above the entrance to their chief office, which read "*All manner of Twisting and Turning done here.*"

But to complicate matters, certain members of the Republican school in the provinces of Maine, Kansas and Iowa, who were joined by a number of practitioners of the Democratic school in the province of Georgia, becoming somewhat fanatical, declared that this great Tumoricum must be cut away. So seizing a Damascus blade called "Prohibition," they rushed into Uncle Sam's sick chamber and began cutting away the Tumoricum, when the stench arising spread through all the provinces; the uproar among the Medicine Men and the Poison vendors became a tumult, and one Dr. Chester, surnamed Arthur, drove all the fanatics out of the White House, and re-

stored the "Bugjuice" to its accustomed place from which it had been banished.

But it came to pass that fanatics, both men and women, continued to multiply in the land and their Medicine Men went everywhere denouncing the Poison venders and the regulation doctors, until the Republican school was like to be annihilated as was the tribe of Whigs in the days of the Black Cancer.

CHAPTER III.

Now the Medicine Men of the Fanatics were not all agreed as to the best methods to pursue in removing the Tumoricum. There was one John, who was surnamed Gough, who was a flaming advocate of a certain drawing plaster called "Moral Spasion," which was a compound made of equal parts of Persuasion, Arguments, Prayers and Dreadful Examples; which simmered in tears and seasoned with heartaches, was to be administered red hot while the patient was to be kept wrapped up in a cold water pack called a Temperance Pledge, an invention of one Dr. Total Abstinence, who was a great enemy of Bugjuice.

Laying hold of this idea there went forth a large number of Doctors in the land, who undertook the application of the plaster by various methods. There was Dr. Washingtonian, Dr. "Sons of Temperance," and his son called "Temple of Honor," and Dr. "Good Templar," and many others who honestly hoped to cure Uncle Sam and deliver the people.

But still the Tumoricum grew and increased and the Parasites became numberless and the whole land groaned and prayed for deliverance.

And now the Mothers, Wives and Daughters of the Republic beholding the destruction in their homes by the Parasites and Poison venders who rejoiced in the growth of the Tumoricum, began to call upon the Lord their God both morning, noon and night, and did by their wailing on the streets and around the dramshops of the Poison venders, so arouse the people in the province of Ohio, that consternation and fear set the great mass of Parasites to squirming, and such was the effect produced that in certain spots the Tumoricum seemed to become healthy flesh and the friends of Uncle Sam rejoiced greatly.

But these hopes soon vanished and the parts became again diseased and the cry was more bitter than ever. But it is only just to say that out of this last effort there was organized a band who went forth in the name of "God and Home and Native Land," determined to give themselves, the people and their God no rest until the great Alcoholicum Tumorium should be forever destroyed. These all are women of great faith, and behold they continue unto this day and are found throughout all the land.

About these days there came from the State of the Pine Tree a great Medicine Man who himself had been cured of the "Alcoholicum" infection by a prescription given by Dr. Total Abstinence; he was a native of the land of Erin, a province of the dominions of John, whose surname was Bull, and his name was Murphy. This same man declared that the Tumorium might be destroyed by tying a blue ribbon around it next to the body of the patient, and it was done. But alas! the pus manufactured by the Parasites did rot away the ribbon before the Tumorium was seriously injured.

In the midst of the great sorrow which was felt in all the land, there suddenly appeared a great high priest and a very learned man, who cried unto the people to cease their tumult, and he would show them the better way. Now when the people observed that he spoke in the ancient and dead language of the Alcoholicum Tumorium, they gave him more ready audience. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, by interpretation: "Oh ye people afflicted and peeled, listen to me. I am Lord High Chancellor and a lineal descendant of the *House of Crosby*. Behold, wisdom is hidden with me and I am overflowing from the fountain of Understanding. The great Medicine Men who have gone before me are blind leaders of the blind. These Parasites and Poison venders cannot be destroyed and this great Tumorium can never be removed. This disease will spread, and I am sent to teach the people to "TAKE IT MODERATELY." Now when they heard these words the Parasites squirmed and kicked for joy; and the Poison venders and fanatic haters with one accord, raised their voices in mighty shouts for the space of three hours crying out, "Great is the Prophet who teaches the religion of Moderaticum Alcoholicum Tumorium."

But still Uncle Sam grew worse and worse, and the fanatics were raging. They attacked the High Chancellor and denounced him as an old Fossil, and turned all his arguments into ridicule; while the Poison venders sent a letter throughout all the land containing the words which he had spoken, and every dramshop and every brothel was filled with rejoicing; but there was mourning in the homes of the land for the sons and daughters which the "Moderation" Gospel had slain.

CHAPTER IV.

And again the grief and alarm in the house of Uncle Sam was very great. Now there came a certain great Medicine Man from a kingdom in Europa, whose name was Lager Beer, and to him did the people run, and crying after him, said: Oh, Dr. Lager Beer, tell us, we pray thee, what aileth Uncle Sam and what will cure him? Now Dr. Lager Beer was of great weight, and his girth was like unto a bullock fattened for the market, and his mouth extended even from the ear upon the right to the ear upon the left. His eyes were as when two holes are burned in a blanket, and his countenance was as indigo and carmine.

This man being worshipped by the Parasites and Poison venders, opened his mouth and with loud, swelling words prophesied unto them saying: "Oh, ye people of the dominions of Uncle Sam, listen to me and hush this tumult, and stop this weeping, for *I, even I* have examined Uncle Sam, and do know that he is not sick, and that these fanatics are deceivers of the people." Now to him the people gave ear, and he continued to comfort them, saying: "This ailment of Uncle Sam's is not a Tumoricum, but simply an *enlargement of the Gland of Personal Liberty*, and the stench which seemed to arise therefrom when the Kansas and Iowa doctors punctured it was, to the people of Europa a most delicious aroma, and the reason why the people were so disgusted with it was because their moral nerves had been too highly cultivated, and their religious vision deranged by panoramic and dissolving views of the sorrow, sin, shame, crime and death of Uncle Sam's subjects, on account of the abuse of 'God's last, best gift to Man,' in the

vulgar tongue known as Bugjuice." He further proceeded to say that to undertake to reduce or destroy this swelling was to war against the Creator. To sustain this view of the case he quoted from one Dr. Cole, of the province of Minnesota, who was very wise in analyzing Bugjuice, and who had shown that in that wonderful land the fruits, plants and trees were fountains of it, and only needed the tread of the passing foot to pour forth streams of it for the use of the thirsty and weary sons of men. This famous Dr. had also turned his attention to astronomy, and found that the sun, moon and stars were all preserved by having been pickled in Bugjuice, and that he accounted for the unsteady course of the comets by saying that they had undoubtedly taken "a drop too much." Dr. Lager Beer also called attention to the fact that the school of physicians called Democrats had held a grand pow-wow over the case of Uncle Sam in this same province of Minnesota, and had declared that Uncle Sam's constitution was framed for the protection of this Tumoricum against remedies for the same, and although it should become putrid and determining largely to the mouth, give out a most poisonous and murderous breath, yet it was the inalienable right of any of Uncle Sam's subjects to become Poison venders and manufacture Bugjuice for their fellow-men, and therefore that a constitutional treatment should not be tolerated.

This speech of Dr. Lager Beer was received with great applause, and the great Poison venders, Bugjuice manufacturers, together with all worshippers of Bacchus and Gambrinus, ran and fell on his neck and kissed him and cried "Long live Gambrinus! Let Great Lager Beer be King." And it was so.

CHAPTER V.

Now the rulers and great ones in Uncle Sam's dominions having heard of this crowning of Dr. Lager Beer in the name of Gambrinus and also that one Bourbon, surnamed Democrat, had joined in the rebellion; came to Uncle Sam in great alarm and said, "what shall be done with the devotees of Bugjuice, for behold, they defraud the Government of revenue, they cause immense and otherwise unnecessary taxation, they

bribe electors, administrators and judges, and everywhere desolation, poverty and crime stalk abroad in the land. They bid defiance to the laws, and then make the disobedience a reason for repealing the laws, which are framed to protect the homes and liberties of the people." And thus they presented their case at the White House to the great Governor who was called Chester, surnamed Arthur. But what was their dismay when they found that Gambrinus and Bacchus were both held in high veneration at the White House, and the great Governor declared that he could not govern the realm without the assistance of Bugjuice; that this was the foundation of all political action and the school of Republican Medicine Men would be overthrown if any attempt should be made to destroy the great Tumoricum or to dethrone Gambrinus.

It was now that the fanatics of the dominion became fully aroused, and assembling in the great city of Chicago they declared that to permit Uncle Sam to die by this Tumoricum was sin and a burning shame to his great family. They charged that the Parasites, Poison venders and "Regulation Doctors" had conspired against the government, in that they had made Gambrinus King, and had further decreed that all officers of the government and all business men should fall down and worship him; that all pulpits should be hushed and the license regulation policy continued.

They proceeded to declare their settled conviction that the Tumoricum could be removed and the patient's life saved. They also recommended that one Dr. Prohibition, a graduate of the college of "Political Honesty," and who had been for years under the tuition of President "Radical," with Professors "Strike for the Right," "Honest Ballot," "Sober Citizen" and "Home Lover," should be called to take charge of the case. At this proposition, the Parasites became inflamed, the Poison venders enraged, and all the regulation doctors cried out: "Quack! Quack!"

They charged

THIS

AND

THAT

That Dr. Prohibition would not operate.

That Dr. Prohibition would multiply the Parasites and increase the business of the Poison venders.

That the Tumoricum was a dreadful disease and that they would stop it if they could.

That if Dr. Prohibition should cut out the Tumoricum, there would grow immediately in various parts of Uncle Sam's body, a vast number of little "*unregulated*" Tumoricums, which would discharge pus at a back orifice, and thus destroy the patient more rapidly.

That in operating he would be sure to kill the patient.

That this Doctor would ruin the business of the Country and grass would grow in the streets.

That the Tumoricum could not and ought not to be removed as it would destroy the Gland of Personal Liberty.

That Dr. Prohibition could not cut the Tumoricum out; and if he should it would utterly ruin the pus manufacturers and starve their families to death, or they would become a public charge.

But the friends of Dr. Prohibition declared that these arguments were self contradictory and void, and that these regulation doctors were the slaves of Bugjuice and worshippers of Gambrinus, whom they said fell from the gods out of Heaven.

But the regulation doctors said: "It is false; we hate Bugjuice, we despise Gambrinus, the pus of the Parasites is grievous unto us; we believe with the High Priests of the great 'Babylon of the West,' which the 'Suckers' call 'Shecargos,' that Parasites and Poison venders are ruining our country, destroying our homes, damning the souls and bodies of men, and therefore we are charging too little for the care we give to their victims, and a business like this ought to pay at least *five hundred dollars* for its privileges, and we do not see how we can continue to dress the Tumoricum for any less amount, as the stench thereof ariseth unto heaven. Besides if we charge more for our services the smaller Parasites will have to die for want of them. This will serve to keep the Tumoricum cleaner, and will elevate the tone of the Poison venders business.

To all this the tribe of Fanatics made answer declaring that an "irregularity" could not be regulated. That the tone of corruption and rottenness could not be elevated. Let that which was filthy be filthy still.

Great conventions of these Fanatics were called, which ordered the preparation of hundreds of thousands of little sharp instruments called "ballots" which when brought into use, would certainly remove the Tumoricum, and Dr. Prohibition began to prepare himself to perform the operation by practicing

on the dead bodies of Mr. Horse Thief, Mrs. Brothel, Miss Lottery, Mr. Tainted Meat and that of a worthless young scamp named Obscene Literature. Having demonstrated his skill in this matter, the people began to turn their hearts to him and gathered together a mighty army called the "Prohibition Home Protection Army," which began a campaign to force a way to the White House, that the Great Doctor might remove the Tumoricum from the body of Uncle Sam. The right wing of this army rested along the mountains of "God's Law," and the left on the Plains of the Constitution, the whole camp being well watered by the stream called Public Freedom.

Now the Republican and Democrat schools of physicians entered into a conspiracy with the Parasites, Poison venders and Bugjuice manufacturers, and raised a very great army, and marching forward to the time of "Chinmusic," which was rendered by the chief devotees of Gambrinus, they formed in line on the river of "Political Corruption," their right extending along the foot hills of "Moderation," to "Whisky Strait," and the left from the "Church of the Holy Conservatives," even to the entrance of "Beer Garden Pass," which leads from the "Land of Sobriety" to the "Slough of Destruction" in "Demon Territory." Thus were these great armies brought face to face.

And now it came to pass that the Commander-in-chief of the Prohibition army ordered an attack on the center of the enemy's lines where was situate their stronghold, a well fortified fort called the "Ballot-Box." Now this being the strategic point of the battle ground, the conflict became general along the whole line and the battle raged fiercely, and waxed hotter and hotter until the hearts of the people did tremble with fear, and charge after charge was made until ———. And behold is it not written in the book of the Prophets, how that the Prohibition armies prevailed, and did overcome and destroy these armies of Bacchus and Gambrinus, and that Dr. Prohibition did get possession of the patient and did cut out and utterly exterminate the Alcoholicum Tumoricum, so that Uncle Sam was restored to health, and the glad shout of the ransomed people did reach the skies, and was answered back in "Benedictions of Peace." SO MOTE IT BE.

